

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XXVI

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 18, 1890.

NUMBER 16

## UNITY.

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CHARLES H. KERR & CO., PUBLISHERS,  
175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

Weekly: \$1.00 per year.—Single copy 5 cents.

Advertising, 12 cents per line; business notices 24 cents per line. Advertisements of book publishers received direct; other advertising through LORD & THOMAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York. Readers of UNITY are requested to mention this paper when answering advertisements.

## Contents.

	PAGE.
EDITORIAL.	
Notes . . . . .	129
The Gospel of Beauty. . . . .	129
A New View of Thoreau.—C. P. W. . . . .	130
Men and Things . . . . .	130
CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.	
Sonnet.—JOHN HOWARD BRYANT . . . . .	131
"In Prison, Ye Visited Me."—M. H. LE R . . . . .	131
Dr. Hirsch and the Statue to Jesus.—A CHICAGO JEW . . . . .	131
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . .	131
CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.	
A Memorial Discourse.—REV. W. G. TODD . . . . .	132
NOTES FROM THE FIELD . . . . .	134
THE HOME . . . . .	135
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL . . . . .	135
ANNOUNCEMENTS . . . . .	136

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## Editorial.

THE brain knows of toil immeasurably more severe than the hand. Holding plows or forging axes are not the severest tasks in the world.

THE moving army rapidly reduces its baggage. So does a growing soul and a working church. We decrease the articles of our creed as we increase their potency.

IN the present panicky conditions of the day may we not read a message from that "Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness"? Selfishness has overreached itself somewhere. The law of brotherhood has been defied too long.

THE father of Herbert Spencer wisely took the lad out of the field on his surveying excursions. He kept him out of the mills of conventional instruction and thereby gave to this generation its greatest scholar and most original thinker.

REV. CHARLES F. DOLE, in the current number of the *New England Magazine* asks, "What shall we do with the millionaires?" At present we only pursue and harass them, he thinks, in the vain endeavor to "tax them out of existence." We should stop that, tax only "what is in sight" of the rich as of the poor man's property, and make up the loss to public works by creating a public sentiment that shall demand from the rich large

donations to meet "all the great expenses of society." Where rich men now give hospitals and endow colleges, let them be encouraged to give city halls, a park system, etc. We do not quite see the practicability or the logic of such a scheme in its details, but commend it so far as it tends to encourage the spirit of *noblesse oblige* among our men of wealth and to turn in the public mind admiration for mere dollars to admiration for just and generous use of the same.

*Our Best Words*, weekly, the temperance family paper published by Brother Douthit, at Shelbyville, has again been enlarged and shows signs of increasing prosperity. We think chiefly through its influence and the still greater influence of its editor, Shelby county sets up its claims to be the "Banner" temperance county in Illinois. In this connection it is proper for us to pay our last respects to *Our Best Words*, the denominational monthly published by Brother Douthit. In November it issued its last sheet. Valiantly has it contended for the faith delivered to it. We often deplored its methods and differed from its conclusions, but we loved its sincerity and honored its integrity.

THE recurring Christmas time is a lovely as well as a loving season; more beautiful in the few weeks that mark the period of anticipation even, than in the short period of fulfillment. Just now are the days of crowded streets filled with hurrying feet and glad expectant faces. The street-cars are jammed, men and women pick their way through through the throng, with arms loaded with tell-tale parcels and bundles, the stores present scenes of seemingly hopeless rush and crush, yet everyone is good-natured. Smiles and words of cheer fill the air. Blessed be Christmas, even for the new cares and exactions it brings, for they all help to teach the lesson of the beauty of giving, the supreme worth of love and friendship in the world.

"Love to God, and love to man," are noble sentiments and they have played a noble part in all religions. It is well, however, to study their applications and not to rest too much upon the mere phraseology. In short, the way in which men seek to express their love to God and man is of more consequence than any use of this formula. For there is a selfish and cruel "love to God," which regards him as the father only of the elect, as the friend only of those who are chosen to be saved, of those who reach some definite standard of goodness or of faith. Many love God for his partiality, because they think he has given to them blessings which are withheld from others. So, "love to man" has often taken the form of wishing to exclude from our fellowship or sympathy some particular class of our fellow-beings. It seems very strange, yet most of the articles of the creeds have been framed with the special object of excluding and condemning some portion of humanity. The theory has gone to the length of making "love to man" require the eternal misery of the larger part of the human race at the hands of the "loving" God. Hence though men say that "love to God and man" is the sum of religion, we must still ask how

they interpret these phrases? Who is to be excluded by them? And is the exclusion just?

THE *Independent* publishes a lengthy review of Dr. Martineau's "Seat of Authority in Religion" and in compliment of the writer's beauty of style says that no one since Plato has clothed philosophy "with such comely and even splendid attire," that under his touch "the very truths of the multiplication-table would flame into thoughts of God." Though disagreeing with the main trend of the author's argument, no attempt at refutation is made, the critic contenting himself with the conclusion that Dr. Martineau is more of a Platonist than a Christian, deriving the seat of authority in religion from the Platonic doctrine of ideas. The constant recognition of God in history is regarded as proving very little, so far as the authority of any religious creed or system is concerned, inasmuch as the criteria for this belief is purely subjective, which, the critic adds with astuteness and a touch of humor, "if adopted by historians would certainly result in strange speculations."

PROFESSOR SAMUEL IVES CURTISS, writing to the *Independent* of the late Jewish-Christian Alliance contradicts the "ridiculous story" about an understanding between the promoters of that unique gathering that the name of Christ should not be used in the devotional exercises conducted by his followers. We are glad of this public contradiction because the point is one on which many conflicting statements have been made and which has excited much comment. We are glad, too, that the facts of the case are as Prof. Curtiss relates, for it is not by the suppression of the outward form more than of the underlying conviction, that the spirit of religious unity is reached. We should have thought much less of the orthodox clergymen leading this movement if they had made any such concession as was reported, which, however, it is equally difficult to conceive could be stipulated for by any one sufficiently advanced in liberal sentiment to enter into such an alliance.

IT is a sufficiently noteworthy fact to be a second time noticed by us that a Roman Catholic bishop should have been invited to occupy the pulpit of Appleton Chapel in Harvard University, which he did in October, giving "the Dudley Lecture for 1890." It is still more noteworthy when we consider that Bishop Keane, president of the Catholic University in Washington, lectured in a course, where one of the declared objects of the lectures is, "for the detection, convicting, and exposing the idolatry, errors and superstitions (with many other hard terms and epithets) of the Romish Church." Can it be that though his subject was "Natural Religion," the Bishop failed to teach the "errors" and "superstitions" of the papacy? Not that we are not glad to see a broad policy adopted at Harvard, or anywhere else. Let it be equally broad on the side also of Free Religion. But we must be particular that funds given to our use are applied according to the wish of the giver. At least this is the Unitarian theory. If funds are given "to promote pure Christi-

anity," for example, it is very doubtful if it can be left to the declaration of the applicant to determine his title to them. The *impurest* Christianity may be that which lays the loudest stress on the name.

THE *Universalist Record*, a parish paper in Newark, N. J., is enlarged to the *Universalist Monthly* under the continued leadership of that able and broad-minded representative of the faith, Rev. W. S. Crowe. A contributor to the first number writes of the recent discourse of Rev. Lyman Abbott in Channing Hall, who began his address on "The Message of the Christian Ministry" by saying that a religious ministry was not identical with or measured by the Christian ministry, and that the distinctive point in the latter was not the doctrine of the divine fatherhood, the human brotherhood, or the forgiveness of sins, but the principle of self-sacrifice. We agree with the *Monthly's* reporter, however, that even this is a point hard to establish, and that the lecturer "forgot the chief words of the most numerous-professed religion of the world. 'Compassion' and Self-renunciation," so conspicuously set forth in the teachings of Buddha." If this is a sample of the kind of talk we are to have in the new publication it will deserve to wear its chosen title. "A magazine devoted to the interests of Universal Religion."

BEFORE us, lies the "Freethinkers' Pictorial," published by the *Truth Seeker* of New York. It is an oblong quarto, with board covers, the first being adorned with a small sketch in which an ignorant peasant stands in an attitude of ecstatic devotion before a vision of the Virgin Mary and child, pointed out by a crafty-looking priest who in the meantime is picking his victim's pocket. The pictures inside are of the same character, exemplifying the greed, the animal-like ferocity and sensuality at work in the bosom of mother church. Though it pretends to nothing but caricature, it is well to remember that even caricature may be refined, and that exaggeration when extended to unnatural extremes offends rather than amuses, is equally displeasing to the understanding and to good taste. We doubt, too, if religion is a fit subject for caricature. The victims of superstition must be won over to reason by gentler and fairer means. There is, perhaps, not an idea conveyed in this collection of prints which, more carefully stated, we might not in the main agree with, nevertheless we do not like it. The truths it teaches are half truths only, and rationalism is made to appear as narrow and vulgar as the superstition and ignorance it would overthrow.

### The Gospel of Beauty.

Pessimism is a great rhetorician. Despondency knows how to exaggerate. The man who thinks that "this is the worst year we have had for a long time," who is sure that the world is getting worse, that things are running down, that faith is dying and religion is passing away, is always on hand, and is pretty apt to gain a hearing. William Morris in his "Hopes and Fears of Art" has pointed a way out of drudgery. It is to develop in the artisan the love of the beautiful and the power of creat-



ing it. Whenever he becomes an artist in his vocation, if it be but the shoeing of horses or the making of hoe handles, his labor becomes sweet and toil inspiring. The paralyzing inanity of the world of toilers is not to be corrected by any communistic or Bellamistic dreams of divided profits or nationalized labor, but along lines of love and beauty. Travelling these roads something like the above will come unless it proves to be something better. We quarrel often with the present distribution of wealth. There are many who do not play the game of life fairly. They get more than their share and they act meanly about it. There is an unascertainable point beyond which the Frenchman's statement is true,—"Wealth is theft." A man has no right so to live that his accumulations form a crushing pyramid upon the shoulders of his fellow beings while he, himself, sits on the apex. We long to right these wrongs. The toilers of the world, the wage-workers of society, have other rights than those of capital. Mere power to possess, is not a sufficient justification of possession. We would like to help those who form the lower strata of the pyramid, but we would like to go to them with a song and not a groan. The first thing to do is to divert them from their ways rather than to dilate on them. Labor organizations need to send a minstrel rather than "a walking delegate" through their shops, one who with his pipes will play the tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away." Thus he will shorten the hours of their labor and increase the bread-purchasing power of their wages. The cigar manufacturers of Key West, it is said, have adopted the practice of employing a reader for a given number of workers. By thus diverting them or edifying them, the daily output is greater. Strange place and strange work to inaugurate so sensible a movement. May we not hope the time is coming when the monotonous whir in our machine shops will be lost in the melodies of brass bands once in a while? The hope of the artist is art. The salt of toil is beauty. While a man can sing at his work his lot is not so bad. "Give me a new thought that I may refresh myself with it" said the suffering philosopher. "Read me something, something that has meat in it, something from Paul," said the dying Lute Taylor. These signs indicate the true solution of the labor problem. If the vest is thin and the heart warm the case is not so bad. But let the vest be ever so soft and elegant, if the heart be weak the life will be subject to chills. We must put more thought into the life of the workmen. The monopoly of dollars must be met with a "combine" of brains. Let us fight the syndicates of greed with the trusts of love; then the workmen's triumph will be permanent and lasting. It is better to glorify the task than to avoid it. Let us beware of the rhetoric of despondency. The prophet is seldom a grumbler. His divine discontent deserves a better name.

#### A New View of Thoreau.

There lately came to our table a small, prettily bound volume, issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, entitled "Thoreau's Thoughts." Our own first thought was, This is just the service some one should perform for a writer like Thoreau, the high and lasting merit of whose general work will not be lost sight of in this culling process, any more than Wordsworth's was in the service rendered by Matthew Arnold in his volume of selections. This little volume, however, is not made up of selected larger essays, but, as the title explains, of brief extracts and quotations only,

—"Thoughts." In turning the leaves our eyes fell on a page of wise and striking apothegms on Friendship, followed by another page and still another; whether purposely thus massed together by the editor, Mr. H. G. O. Blake, whose name for other loving services like this is inseparably connected with Thoreau's, we can not say; but serving to present the man of the woods, as imaged in ordinary apprehension, in an entirely new light. If here was a man who could live independently and in solitude, often preferring only the society of the sparrow and the chipmunk, here was one, no less, whom rare, native insight or deep experience must have taught all the profound and precious secrets of human companionship. We can do no better service to our readers and to this little book than to pass on some of these bits of wise reflection.

There is no more enticing subject than this of Friendship. It is one on which we are never tired of speculating, its freshness being continually preserved by the continual newness and variety of life's passing experience. Yet how little the knowledge thus gained and packed away in philosophical maxims, serves to really teach and warn, is expressed in the first words that caught our notice, a single line from the author's "Week": "The heart is forever inexperienced." This is a truth that seems very lamentable at first, but looked at closer, in the light of human need and trust, is gloriously creditable instead; for it is only another way of saying that the spirit of faith (and all affection is a form of faith) will survive the severest shocks of loss and disappointment. The fine tinge of discontent which clouds even the closest human relation, and is part of the soul's awful but blessed solitude with itself, must have been keenly understood by a man like Thoreau, who wrote, "It is equally impossible to forget our friends, and to make them answer our ideal. When they say farewell, then indeed we begin to keep them company;" it is impossible to say all that we think, even to our truest friend, and "In what concerns you much, do not think you have companions; know that you are alone in the world."

In stronger mood he bids us remember the great moral and intellectual value of a noble friendship, which "will make a man honest, make him a hero, make him a saint." We hear much talk nowadays about love being in itself the principle of greatest moral illumination and power, but it is easy to utter a good deal of false sentiment on this point. Thoreau, the man of stern, uncompromising integrity, saw deeper. "Between whom there is hearty truth there is love." "Between two by nature alike and fitted to sympathize, there is no veil and there can be no obstacle. Who are the estranged? Two friends explaining." Again and more rightly still: "The friend asks no return but that his friend will religiously accept and wear, and not disgrace, his apotheosis of him." He quotes in this portion of his subject from Confucius who said, "To contract ties of friendship with any one is to contract friendship with his virtue."

Yet he recognizes that there may be constitutional differences between near friends as between lovers, which are obstacles to a perfect relation, but need not therefore destroy friendship entirely, providing they are kept "a forbidden theme." The rarity of true marriage is accounted for on the ground that men yield "too easy an obedience to nature without consulting their genius. One may be drunk with love without being any nearer to finding his mate." Love may be ascending or descending in its quality: "Is your friend such a one that an increase of worth on your part will rarely make her more your friend. . . Is

she to be flattered or won by your meeting her on any other than the ascending path? Then duty requires that you separate from her;" and shortly after: "We may love and not elevate one another."

The following has the heroic ring of Emerson, which we may as justly look for, however, in the hermit of Walden: "A man's social and spiritual discipline must answer to his corporeal. He must lean on a friend who has a hard breast, as he would lie on a hard bed. He must drink cold water—not have sweetened or colored words, but pure and refreshing truths."

Thoreau is both poet and philosopher in what he has to say on this subject; his heart being as susceptible to the grace and beauty of friendship as his judgment is exigent of its severer qualities. We hardly know whether to characterize the next quotation as marking poetic a philosophic insight. Perhaps ultimately the two are one. Anyway, the insight which reached this particular conclusion is both shrewd and profound: "In love and friendship the imagination is as much exercised as the heart; and if either is outraged, the other will be estranged. It is commonly the imagination which is wounded first, rather than the heart, it is so much more sensitive." It is this superior keenness of the imagination, we suspect, which tortures love with a sense of the ridiculous or the incongruous, and in time, through such means, destroys it, experience of which made Thoreau say it was apt to be wounded first. A friend will choose rather to bear a little real ignominy for another than that cheapening of his regard which the sentiment of the ludicrous so quickly brings about. Love or friendship will generally choose to submit, whether reasonably or not, to some loss of actual worth in its object, rather than loss of dignity. Friendship, like love, makes pictures to hang in the chambers of fancy and memory. Has a friend committed an actual sin, tripped and fallen on the way, true affection rushes as quickly to his assistance as in the case of unprovoked misfortune; but has the sin been of the trifling order that violates one's sense of the becoming, that justly gives rise to mirth and satire, it coarsens and lowers our former ideal, and love finds it hard to recover the shock.

Human love is necessarily surrounded by human limitations; if even the highest friendship fails to fill the heart beyond all other need, it must be because it was meant to, because the closest relation is but typical of some still nearer union of the soul with an absolute ideal of truth and beauty. There is but a single thought that fills the heart of man, that which centers about, not his fellow-man, but divinity. The worth of all earthly love is determined by the degree of its likeness to the divine. The soul's continual thirst for companionship, mirroring every thought and aspiration perfectly to itself, can be satisfied in none of the ties of time, only in the thought of eternity and God.

True love must make us liken the thing loved. It must lead upward also. All bonds of union must fail, therefore, which do not promote the growth of soul. Thoreau saw this when he wrote:—"The object of love expands and grows before us to eternity, until it includes all that is lovely, and we become all that can love."

C. P. W.

COMEDY is the corrector as truly as the helper of the earnest life. Without it the poetic may become the sentimental and the heroic the burlesque.—C. C. Everett.

Not a day passes but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words and suffer noble sorrows.—Charles Reade.

#### Men and Things.

AN alleged discovery is that of the original of Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" who stood under the spreading chestnut tree and the muscles of whose brawny arms were as strong as iron bands, as Henry Francis Moore, a blacksmith still living in Medford, Mass.

THE Channing Auxiliary Society of the First Unitarian church, San Francisco, Cal., has published a Channing Auxiliary Calendar, which we should think would afford a most acceptable means of computing the days and weeks to all Unitarians. Price, boxed for mailing, 75 cents.

CONTRARY to his usual practice, Mr. Herbert Spencer has accepted an honorary membership in the Brooklyn Ethical Association, the high aims of this society and more especially the diligence of its labors in the study of modern scientific philosophy, inducing him to make an exception to his general rule.

A FRIEND sends us the following dialogue which she overheard, and which will have a peculiar interest to readers of UNITY. A little boy said to his mother, "What do they call people Christians for?" "Because they are followers of Christ," was the reply. "Aren't they followers of God, too?" "Yes." "Then why don't they call them God-shuns?"

THE *Critic* is authority for the statement that John Fiske is not the real name of the author of "Cosmic Philosophy." He was the only child of Edmund and Mary Fiske Green. His father died when the son was still a boy, and the mother afterwards married Hon. Edwin W. Stoughton, United States Minister to Russia. Shortly after young Edmund Fiske Green dropped his father's family name, retaining his mother's and substituting John for the baptismal Edmund.

REV. S. J. BARROWS was one of the guests at a late meeting of the Universalist Social Union, and invited to speak. He said that he was a Baptist born and bred, and that he learned his first lesson in the possible religious unity of differing sects in a visit to Barnum's "Happy Family." He added that the *Christian Register* is the oldest of religious journals, under the same name, being founded in 1821. He considers, however, Paul to have been the pioneer religious editor.

A LARGE boulder has been planted at Cooperstown, New York, on the site of Cooper's old home, which was burned in 1853. "It is surrounded," says the New York *Tribune*, "by an iron fence, and on one polished face of the stone this inscription has been cut: 'On this site stood Otsego Hall, the home of James Fenimore Cooper, where he lived from 1834 to the day of his death, September, 1851. Built in 1798, by Judge William Cooper; destroyed by fire, October 1853.' There is no other monument to the novelist in the town which he made famous; but there is a movement in progress to erect one by public subscription."

The *Spectator*, England, contains a long and very commendatory article on the new edition of "The Faith that makes Faithful," edited by Lady Aberdeen and published in two volumes. It says, "There is nothing very original in any of the essays, nor is there anything particularly striking in the style. The truths inculcated belong to the sphere of ordinary life, and there is not the slightest straining after effect; yet somehow the writers lay hold of us, and carry us along with them, and on parting from them at each stage of the journey, we feel that we have been made better by their company. Take, for example, the following story to illustrate the contagious influence for good of unobtrusive tenderness."

WE have received through the kindness of Rev. H. P. Gilman, the printed report of the New York branch College Settlement Association, whose closed year of experiment among the very poor has been attended with most encouraging results. The enterprise includes several boys' and girls' clubs, where opportunity for practical instruction and wholesome amusement is afforded the members, a library of one thousand volumes, a Penny Provident Bank, Sabbath schools, etc. The general object of the society is thus described by the secretary of the Electoral Board: "While all are welcomed to the work, the Settlement aims to be a distinctive work of College women, to express their conviction of their responsibility towards the social needs of the times and their faith in the method of fellowship and personal communion as the most direct mode of ministering to that need. The management of the enterprise lies chiefly in the hands of college women. Responsibility for its success is theirs also." We know of no movement better calculated to disprove the assertion that much head knowledge in women tends to freeze the heart currents and nullify their interest in the practical concerns of life. We hope the College Settlements Association may extend in members and influence until it has a working branch in every large city.



## Contributed and Selected.

**Editor Unity:**—John Howard Bryant, of Princeton, Ill., is the lone survivor of a strong and somewhat rugged band of brothers and sisters, of whom the author of "Thanatopsis" was chief. All of them were thoroughly practical, matter-of-fact people, but all had a keen appreciation of those aspects of nature and life that appeal to the poet and the philosopher. There were five brothers and two sisters, among whom John H., though the youngest, stood nearest to William Cullen in the qualities above mentioned. He is now eighty-three years of age, but still loves the woods and fields, tramps vigorously through them, and sometimes breaks into poetry, as in the inclosed lines, which he has just written.

Yours, E. R. BROWN.

## Sonnet.

I love the song birds. There is naught in Nature,  
E'er moved me with so deep an inspiration,  
As when the hermit thrush, that tiny creature,  
Poured out at eventide, his sweet libation  
Of heavenly music through the lonely wood.

'Twas long ago when I, in childhood years,  
First heard that song celestial as I stood  
Transfixed with ecstasy, and moved to tears.  
Now as I seek my native home again—  
The streams and wood paths, when the wild flowers blow,—

I yearn to hear once more the joyous strain  
That thrilled my bosom seventy years ago;  
But age-dulled nerves, can never know again  
The heartfelt rapture that o'ercame me then.

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT.

Princeton, Ill., November, 1890.

## "In Prison, and Ye Visited Me."

From a letter.

I got a new heart-ache at the jail, for, as the shadows of evening were falling, the prisoners filed down, both men and women, to get their supper. They passed very near me, where I sat talking with my friend, and I looked into their faces. Ah, me! I could hardly smile again, but for the faith that sometime, somewhere, these, too, will be gathered into the home fold of the kingdom of Heaven.

But why are our people so slow in extending Prison reformation? Why is there not now an "Elmira Reformatory" in every state? My friend told me that he said to a man, just as he was about to be released from there, lately, "Well, I suppose you will soon be back here." The man replied, "That depends on how long the snow holds off. The first snow that falls will bring me back." They have prisoners there that have been committed twenty-five times and more. My friend said that, when men are first imprisoned they feel the degradation very keenly, but that after awhile they become accustomed to it and it does not look so bad to them. I feel so strongly that a prison should be a place to help such human beings to grow into men and women, leaving all punishment to the workings of the moral law within, that I wish I had a life to give to hasten the reformation in prison-methods that must come soon or late, if there is to be justice and righteousness in the treatment of offenders.

The clerks where my friend was employed have visited him in prison and corresponded with him, but soon after the last Labor day, the directors issued an order forbidding the clerks to correspond with their former associate and friend. He feels it very keenly. Can it be right for them to do so? Surely they contradict the teaching of Christ in that, and I know penitent prisoners who feel that the friends who have deserted them have done wrong. One woman said to me, in speaking of her abandonment by her friends: "Oh, Mrs. — they OUGHT NOT to do so!" And I know a young man, aspiring to goodness, who has recently written complaining that none of his family have been to see him, or have sent him even so much as a paper, and he has been there more than a year, and has an own mother living. He

longs for the time of his release to come that he may begin life over and do the best he knows, and he has two more years—long, weary years to bear in prison.

M. H. LER.

## Mr. Hirsch and the Statue to Jesus.

In UNITY of Dec. 4th, is an article by Dr. Hirsch, entitled "The Jewish Statue," containing a variety of statements, only three of which have a direct bearing on the proposition contained in UNITY of Nov. 20th for a statue to Jesus to be erected by the Jews of Chicago. The three statements are: 1. An offer by Dr. Hirsch to contribute towards the proposed statue to Jesus. 2. An allegation as to the attitude of this writer toward the New Testament. 3. An assertion that the gospel account of Jesus weeping over Jerusalem "was written after the destruction by a patriotic Jew," etc.

My reason for believing the gospel account of this scene *authentic*, is not because it is contained in the New Testament, but because it is confirmed by internal and external evidence and by comparison and analysis, and I recommended it as the subject of the statue not because I regard it as the supreme moment of his life, but because Jesus the Jew, weeping in prophetic (not supernaturally but *naturally* prophetic) anticipation of the destruction of the sacred capital of the country of his birth, is the only recorded act of his, *distinctively* patriotic, as is inadvertently admitted by Dr. Hirsch, when he asserts that "the scene was written after the fall of Jerusalem, a *patriotic Jew*," etc. As against the positive and circumstantial gospel account Dr. Hirsch's assertion unsupported by evidence or plausible argument seems insufficient; and his theory improbable and wholly incompatible with the known facts of history. In the latter part of the second century, the period when the gospels assumed their present shape, there was bitter hatred between Jews and Christians. The Jews regarded Jesus as their worst enemy, the betrayer of their nation, the cause of its downfall and of other misfortunes. Contemporary Jewish writings name him only with bitterest aversion and contumely. Is it probable that at such a time "a *patriotic Jew*, deploring the national downfall," should represent him whom he considered *his nation's worst enemy*, as weeping and mourning in pathetic anticipation of the destruction of his nation's sacred capital, or does it seem *credible*, that the Christian collectors and editors, would adopt or admit into the gospel narratives such a spurious account, coming from such a suspicious source as a patriotic member of that hated nation?

Dr. Hirsch asks "Why should Jesus have wept over Jerusalem? What had Jerusalem done to him to press tears from such eyes?" The answers are obvious! There is nothing miraculous or *otherwise irrational* in the narrative, nothing contrary to natural law or reasonable probability. Let us consider the circumstances and events which must have tended to prepare his (Jesus') mind for the thought of the coming destruction. His sojourn in Egypt and return to Nazareth must have left upon his mind deep impressions of the power and cruelty of the Roman rulers. Even as a child he must have been acquainted with the history, traditions and laws of the people, or how could he have disputed with the doctors in the temple? The three years of his ministration must have furnished ample opportunity for becoming acquainted with all classes and conditions of people; but more particularly the lowly, the unfortunate and the outcasts, for these followed him by thousands, suffering

hunger and thirst, heat and cold, that they might listen to his words. John the Baptist, his fellow-laborer had been slain by Herod. The religious frenzies of the various sects, the intrigues of the ecclesiastics, the perfidy of those in power, and each sect and class hating each other, his followers incapable of comprehending his noble lessons of love, justice and fellowship, as the only true foundations of happiness, hoping and expecting that he would use the supernatural powers, *superstitiously ascribed to him*, to overthrow their political and religious enemies—all this must have presented itself to his mind like an accumulation of political, religious and social ferments, far worse than that in France previous to the Revolution of 1789. Is it any wonder that he foresaw in imagination the destruction of Jerusalem and wept over it?

A memorial statue to Jesus erected by the Jews in Chicago would mark an epoch in the history of human fellowship. Such a monument would be a more effective protest against the wrongs of the Jews of Russia and Bulgaria than all the resolutions of a thousand meetings of bankers, lawyers and bishops at London or elsewhere. Placed in the Columbian Exposition, in 1893, it would be an object-lesson in international magnanimity and brotherly love. It would also be an object-lesson to so-called orthodox Jews. After seeing it, they could not fail to inquire into the real historic and ethical character of Jesus. They would learn that he had been misunderstood by them, and was not the enemy of their nation, but full of tender pity for its sufferings, that he devoted himself, even unto death, to the task of redeeming, idealizing and beautifying their inner lives. The heaven would begin working until their aversion would be turned into affectionate pride, for was not this greatest leader of humanity (out of cruelty into gentleness, out of rapacity into charity, out of hate into love) the natural and legitimate fruitage of those strivings after righteousness which form so prominent a part of the history given in the Old Testament? Jesus is the gift of the Jewish nations to humanity. What does it signify if we admit, as Dr. Hirsch claims, that the *other* Hebrew prophets anticipated the love of the Gospels by at least 700 years? Where is the force or vitality of their writings? What effect have they had upon the Arian nations of the West? Has their influence not been confined to the libraries and inner lives of a few Hebrew scholars? The life and teachings of Jesus, on the contrary, have consoled, inspired, ennobled and regenerated the civilized world, and after 1900 years are still full of pristine vigor and influence. They constitute the *true link* between the historic part of the Jewish people and the civilized nations of to-day, and unite all humanity in one bond of affectionate fellowship.

Dr. Hirsch writes: "I for one shall also be ready to contribute to the erection of a statue to Jesus." I gratefully accept the offer, but what will Dr. Hirsch contribute? Not money only, I hope! That is not enough. *Anyone can give that.* Dr. Hirsch can give what is of far greater value, viz., his cordial co-operation, or still better, his leadership in the enterprise. It is in his line, viz., in the line of improving the moral, intellectual, social, political conditions of our nation. It is a work worthy of his mental stature and genius. There will be difficulties, possibly dangers, to encounter. The orthodox, the ignorant, fanatical, both Jew and Gentile, will oppose it, but the liberal churches, the ethical societies, the freethinkers, the scientists, the children of light everywhere will support it.

A CHICAGO JEW.

THEY who look backwards always look through tears.—Mrs. Piatt.

## Correspondence.

**EDITOR UNITY.**—The proposition of the "Chicago Jew" in UNITY of Nov. 20, seems to me a very significant utterance. It has inspiration in it, and it is to be hoped, prophecy. The proposition for a "monument" may lead to building better than at first was thought. I have often wondered that the Jews have not seen that Jesus, the Nazarene, belongs peculiarly and primarily to them. Their synagogues taught him, their sacred books fed him, their religion made him what he was. He is, therefore, the gift of Judaism to the world. Moreover, the intelligent rabbis of to-day teach very much what Jesus taught, and make the discriminations which he made between the transient and the permanent in their historic religion. They are in closer sympathy than is generally realized. The real thought of Jesus is nearer to that spoken in our best synagogues to-day than to that heard in most evangelical churches. I have often been an attendant—I may say worshipper—in many synagogues; and the thought expressed above has constantly grown on me. With much, perhaps that we should not say, and with many details of ritual that have little value to us, though unobjectionable as symbol; yet we never find our religious sensibilities shocked by the sentiment of the synagogue as they habitually are in evangelical churches, where Jesus is either a toy, a puppet, or an unnatural distortion, and God a futile and inefficient thunderer. It is no matter to the Jew of to-day if certain Jews in Jesus' time did disapprove him and do their best to suppress him. They only need whenever they will, to repudiate the unjust stigma which a "Christian" church has so long cast upon them, recognize Jesus in his true character, claim him as their own, and present him as they understand him, to have the intelligent and reasonable world see the truth and force of their presentation.

This would be an over-turn and a step forward worthy America's fourth centennial. And this would be the best "monument" ever raised in Jesus' honor. "If I be lifted up in thought and life, I shall ultimately draw all men unto me." Such a step forward into line with the divine Providence would be the greatest that people ever took, yet not inconsistent with their genius, and quite in keeping with many events in their history. The eternal is their God, his progressive thought is the law of their life. Here's a hand, not only to the "Chicago Jew," but to the true Jew of to-day.

Pomona, Cal.

E. C. L. B.



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## Church Door Pulpit.

### A Memorial Discourse.

PREACHED SUNDAY, NOV. 30TH, AT UNITY CHURCH, TOPEKA, KAN., BY REV. W. G. TODD, IN MEMORY OF MRS. FLORENCE N. BARRY.

[Printed by request of Mrs. Barry's friends.]

*"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Philip 4: 8.*

Amidst the surfaces of life in which we live, and which too often consume our best energies, amidst all the commotion of money getting and money hoarding and money spending for that which feeds not the real life of man; amidst all the discords of life's surface forces, the confusion of life's surface thought, the petty slights, the sterner rebuffs, the bickerings, the jealousies, or the deep-reaching tragedies of love and duty,—amidst all these surface things it is good for us to stop sometimes and look upon some spot of restful beauty reaching up from the great depths of the eternal in human nature, some spot capable of calming our vagrant emotions and of becoming an inspiration to the deepest and best and truest in ourselves.

This is a general truth; true, even when the beauty is rare and unapproachable, when it is far separated from our own lives and our own possibilities. In and of itself, it is good for us to admire, to worship, to reverence the good and great. It is good for us to bathe the soul in the sublime light of noble characters, even when these characters are produced out of favorable conditions, far different from those that surround our own hedged-in lives. For this reason we have such a fact in the world as public appreciation and esteem, expressed by the nation, community, or church. But if this is a universal truth, if it is always good for us to admire that which is truly admirable, if the things that Paul spoke of as pure and honest and lovely and of good report, should be reflected upon, provided there be any such thing as virtue and praise in our own natures,—then, how much more divine does the divine appear; how much more touching and real and true does soul-beauty become when it is made flesh among us, when it has lived and struggled and suffered and won victories amidst the exact conditions of our own lives, when it has even handled the same tools of labor as our own hands have handled, when by our very side it has borne the same burden and heat of the day and when its eyes have been mocked by the same unsatisfying surfaces of life, albeit its diviner vision pierced these to diviner ends. Souls that thus reveal beauty to us in the midst of earth's sternest conditions, and shadow it forth as the possible and the attainable in ourselves are the true saviours of men and the victors that we should crown.

It is very sad privilege to-day to speak to you, my friends, of one of these humble, yet noble and beautiful souls, who lived with us a few years, who worked with us amidst more than the usual discouragements that surround us all, and yet who ended the battle of life in victory, and glorified the rugged path of duty with a beauty that transcends what we commonly call the human.

If I speak of Florence Barry in this way, and at the same time say it is my sad privilege thus to speak, it is more than a conflict of words in limited, human language,—it is a conflict of human, personal affection with the wider sphere of spiritual attractions into which we believe she has entered; that is what allows us to-day to have the feeling of sadness, and yet saves our tears from being unworthy, even while our eyes look upward in confi-

dence along the pathway of light, the entrance to which, on the earthly side, this life of our friend has made possible. The word sadness expresses our consciousness of disturbed personal ties, but it is a word that fades away in the light of that high standpoint from which she looked upon even the present life, and from which she faced death with her radiant smile.

Associated with that smile of confidence and of welcome, there should be no real sadness. Rather should we join with her in feelings of an opposite character; and the emotions of our hearts should find their true expression in some such triumphant words as those of Longfellow's:

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death."

Or, going even further in our cheerful thoughts of her happy death, witnessing it as the closing scene of an arduous struggle, we could use other words from the same poet as appropriate, words in which he states the vision of Evangeline:

"And, as she looked around, she saw how  
Death, the consoler,  
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had  
Healed it forever."

It was with hearts full of mingled hopes and fears that Mrs. Barry's friends saw her depart from this city with her aged mother in search of health in the more favorable climate of Arizona. Friends here made the journey for them as easy as possible with their heart-felt sympathy, their kind words and kinder deeds; while from the old home in the east came loving words and tender tokens of sympathy that unobtrusively and helpfully dropped into hearts touched to their depths by the treasures of this human love.

It was one of Florence Barry's privileges to be rich in friends. Even in her home of a few weeks in Arizona she made close friends,—proven friends, I may say, who proved the value of human love in deeds of devotion and self-forgetfulness,—aye, by an equation worked out in the heart of man which elevates the human to lives of action parallel with the divine. She made real friends. Undoubtedly it was because she was, herself, so real. Her friends were not the social parrots of conventional society. These knew her not.

"Minds that have nothing to confer  
Find little to perceive."

Her nature partook but slightly of the illusory character of surface life; and her friends met her upon the plane of reality that was her own, either prompted by their own naturalness or compelled thither by her spirit's demand. She loved with an affection that ennobled the receiver, and in return was loved by her friends with that naturalness of affection which returned the exchange in like coin, and shamed with its rare lustre of purity and truth our thinly-veneered social life.

These were the friends which smoothed the way for that western journey and made it possible for one of their number to be present with her in the last hours of her life, to assure her that the aged mother she loved so devotedly would still be the object of their care. To my mind these friends, although of diverse natures and beliefs, seem now drawn together in a peculiar manner by this subtle and sacred bond of affection. They all seem to me to have a share in the beauty and trust of those last hours of our friend's life, a share in something indescribable, that for us all, points upward to a center of life and love, the cosmic union of all varying thought.

What hours of sacred reality those

last few hours were! The long struggle was over. The long fight for victory over circumstances, contested for the sake of the aged parent dependent upon her, was closing in a peace that saw the decisive end removed from the sphere of her own responsibilities. In this peace, conditioned by the presence of the friend from this city who was with her, she passed away in joy, saying to this friend "You have not only made it possible for me to die, but to die happy." With either hand clasped in those of the dear ones beside her, she was as calm, as trustful, and as unselfishly thoughtful of the feelings of others as ever we knew her in life. She spoke of all those things that tended to make her aged mother comfortable, and then yielded her spirit in trust to the Universal Life of which it had been a rare expression. So marked are the results of that last conversation, now visible in the mother's trust, that the scepticism must be great indeed, that could doubt the realization of her promise to be always with the mother to the remainder of her life. That fond parent, who for years might have truthfully used those lines of Wordsworth's:

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears,  
A heart the fountain of sweet tears;  
And love and thought and joy,"

still feels as a daily presence the love, the trust and the joy that characterized the life of her daughter in tangible form. What better can the hours of death offer than this, both to the one passing on, and to those left behind!

We hear sometimes of death-bed partings, where faith in gospel assurances have made the final separation easy. Here was a soul that had outgrown gospel assurances, and rested in the reality of which they are only a faint picture. Here was one who saw, face to face, the deeper facts of God's presence as real life superseding dogmatic representations, and who entered upon the larger life, so trustfully, so naturally and so beautifully, that the few of credal faith who stood by marvelled, and some expressed the wish that their own last hours might be like hers. In her presence these souls caught a glimpse of the natural faith of man; of the eternal core of our earth-corrupted religions, and saw how small and petty and insufficient are the theologies of Asiatic climes and Syrian civilization to meet the real wants of the soul to-day in occidental lands. But if such is the consoling view that we may take of our dear friend's death, still more comforting is the view when this is associated with a trying life as its victorious end.

Florence Barry's life, from the time that she first came west, eight years ago, was a life of hardship and trial. I speak not merely of the fact of daily toil to one reared in comfort that comes to many, but previous to her happy surroundings in the business office in which she last labored, there were years of illness in which her dearest loved ones were taken from her; years of struggle, when the body was too weak for its burdens, and yet years of victory in which, amidst the most embarrassing circumstances, she fitted herself for the position she finally occupied, and won the confidence and esteem of worthy friends.

Upon the sacrifice of many of her finest tastes, and the objects of her tastes during these years, I need not dwell. She did not dwell upon them—indeed, scarcely lamented them to her friends. She viewed events as she viewed people, ever looking upon their better side. From intimate friends I learned of many painful sacrifices of which she never spoke to me. Our talks were usually of the hopeful, the

brighter sides of life, or of those deeper realities that shed their promise over that which is partial and unsatisfying in life. Beneath the hard machinery of business life she saw the real heart of the men and women engaged in it. How unselfishly she loved the people with whom she daily came in contact! How she saw, among all the different people with whom she was placed, the possibilities of each in a wider thought or a deeper faith that belonged to their real selves! Of these she always spoke to me in tones of praise for their actual lives, mingled with more enthusiastic praise of their possibilities. She read people at a glance, saw, with what may be called the sixth sense, the better person in each, and, herself bound by the vision, held them also bound to the same best that she saw.

With less of practical ability, Florence Barry might have been a mystic, a seer of the Brahminical order, a devotee on mountain heights, wrapt in contemplation of visions; with a nature endowed for these perceptions, but balanced to normal uses, she was more; she was cognizant of the no less important details of daily life, and of the domestic needs of the friends about her. Seldom do we see the ideal and the practical so beautifully blended. Where they are, the intuitions of the soul, as in her case, compass the whole rounded sphere of life, reach to the hearts of human friends as well as to centers of eternal influences, and become visible upon the human side of life as appreciation and sympathy, and the rare tact of an unselfish soul. Such tact our friend had. It was not an art learned; it was a nature simply expressed. Every one of her friends was received with it; every child, as well as man or woman was met by it; and even strangers who casually called at the office were repressed with and spoke of it.

What was this that I am calling tact? It was what in her case, and indeed in all cases devoid of artifice, is rightly named unselfishness. She set self aside, saw the best in all,—the royal self in every man and woman, and gave it the right royal welcome that became its princely dignity. This was her tact. Then there was in her nature the sparkle and nerve of the victorious spirit. In herself she dwelt on heights, yet modestly concealed her aerial flight. Listening close, one could hear the spirit, like Shelley's lark:

"Singing songs unbidden, till the world  
was wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and joys it heed-  
ed not."

From these heights she measured life; saw the significance of daily toil, and held herself and friends to high destinies.

This is the brief view of the life of our friend in whose memory we hold this service. To the worldly mind, looking upon it from the side of earthly good, measuring its material results by the great force of brain and nerve expended in their production, this life must seem a more than partial failure. Looked at, however, from that side which estimates wealth in pure affection, which takes cognizance of spiritual victories, and the subtle essence of character extracted out of life's distorted growths, it was a grand success, and a triumphant victory of the eternal in man over the ephemeral. Looked at in this way, this life, in connection with its closing hours that we call death, should forbid us to entertain any feeling of sadness in regard to its earthly termination. To be sure, there must be that in our hearts which is akin to sadness; but the earth-bound cloud we call by this name is so silver-lined with the transcendent light of a higher sun, that we might well speak of it in those



words of Longfellow's where he describes:

"A feeling of sadness and longing  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles rain."

Also, in the same poem he speaks of another experience that should be ours as we contemplate this victorious life. He speaks of the real triumph of the spirit of man over the perplexities of life when he says:

"And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away."

And I wish that we could enter into that mood, or state of mind so often occupied by our friend in life, and so completely hers in her last hours,—that trustful state of mind so well indicated by Wordsworth when he speaks of:

"That blessed mood,  
In which the burden of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened."

Through that trust which our friend had, victory over annoyances and over self becomes possible to us; life becomes more clear; we see its unity, its harmony, our possible harmony with it, and comprehend and enter with its co-operative work of building character, little by little, step by step, full of faith in the divine that is seeking to be revealed in us, full of that sense of art in life perceived by the poet Pope as he expresses the natural faith of him who works in faith under it inspiration.

"All nature is but art unknown to thee,  
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
All discord, harmony not understood;  
All partial evil universal good."

I have indicated, my friends, only by a scanty outline, some of the real beauties of the life I have asked you to contemplate. The real inner life of our friend it would be impossible for me to communicate in words. As one must feel love in order to know it, so one must feel the life of another in order to understand it. But I would like to spend a few moments in speaking of that in Florence Barry's life which seems to me to be the source of much of its beauty. Every character has its roots in thought. Broad, rounded characters have experienced that victory in thought which conquers ignoble limitations. Very marked is this truth as it regards theological limitations. I do not mean that all disbelievers in creeds are broad thinkers or high-minded lovers, not by any means. Perhaps the larger part of them fall from the narrow pit of materialistic beliefs into another equally narrow that of the material side of facts. That accounts for the lack of noble lives as yet as the product of liberal thought. Florence Barry illustrated the possibility of a liberal thinker, retaining all the natural religious inspirations of the soul. Genuine free thought in religion drops not the slightest iota of true religion. It only drops shams and pretensions and all that inheres in materialistic idol worship. Its true path is from symbols and idolatry and gross materialism of all forms to the worship and the service of the real. Mrs. Barry was not in the habit of condemning the idolater, but of holding each one to the spiritual side of life, and to the reality he had seen through the idol. On this ground she met all, and not as a partisan, but as a friend. For herself she had no idols, not even those of systematic theology. She had laid them aside as worn-out garments. She stood face to face with the Spirit of All, and saw it as a real, rather than a delegated presence. It came as duty and justice and kindness and love, coming, however, not in these as empty names, but as the portals of

spirit communion, as life universal that spoke to her particular life.

It was my good fortune to talk with our friend much on questions of religion that touched her own deepest experiences and to gather from these conversations the real convictions of her mind. She had no faith in the commonly accepted dogmatic doctrines of Christianity and yet had such faith in the realities which these doctrines tried feebly to express, as naturally showed their limitations without argument. Her unbelief in the non-essentials of religion was not the starting point of her thought, but only the necessary product of a stronger belief in the essentials that overshadowed them. Her belief in God was a belief in the moral principle of life,—in "The Life" which is itself orderly and the true inspiration of moral order. The whole matter of personal salvation she felt to be a co-operative work of the individual soul with its God, who worked within as an inspiration to moral harmony and unselfishness. With this God she communed, co-operated, and thus produced the results in life that we have seen. Doctrines of vicarious atonement, or salvation by the merits of another were to her personally repulsive. In her own life, and as her friends generally knew her, all of these points of religious belief crystallized into the one tangible fact of unselfishness.

A narrow-minded theologian might call unselfishness a very different thing from religion, but, truly seen, it contains the whole gospel of the relations of God to man. To be unselfish or to be actuated by the principle of moral harmony, is to be one with the creative center of that harmony, or one with God in the sense in which Jesus used these words. To know in reality and to always recognize in action the principle of unselfishness, is to know God as the most apparent fact of life. To be governed by this is to have given the heart to God and to have renounced the selfish will for his will. God is the visible order seen in the harmony of the spheres and suggested in the harmony of society. To sink self from view in the interests of this harmony which works for equal rights to all, is to be unselfish or to be one with God's will, just which you please to call it. This oneness of heart and soul with the principle of all life which works for moral order in society, Florence Barry sought with great singleness of purpose. To this she was devoted, and this was her religion. This was the root of her unselfish character, this the source of that beauty which we saw. She saw and devoted herself to the ends in religion, where others see and devote themselves only to the means, believing these to be the ultimate ends. She recognized the benefit which others often receive from a more circumscribed belief in Christ and in the Christian Scriptures, but for herself she felt no such need. She recognized the beauty of unselfish humanity, and the revelation of God wherever she saw it, whether in Jesus of Nazareth, or in the man or woman of to-day. These views on religion were freely imparted to me by our friend, probably because she knew they would receive full sympathy. They are what I have long recognized as the substantial and undeniable truths of religion, and the only truths that can to-day stand the test of scientific investigation. It is a satisfaction to me, therefore, to see these ideas associated, in the relation of cause and effect, with the life and death we are contemplating.

Religion, as we are often obliged to view it, associated as it often is, with a mere selfish getting to heaven and the selfish enjoyment of an exclusive bliss, contains a very pronounced element of meanness, entirely opposed to

any moral idea of God. It is, in its limited sphere of doctrinal means, selfish, cowardly and debasing. Under its influence the human soul begs off from the educating consequences of its own acts and fears death, going like a slave scourged to his dungeon, except wrath be bought off by a promise rendered valuable by the indorsement of another whose merits are accepted in place of our own. This unworthy and cowardly method of thought lies at the root of much of the ignoble and cowardly life that blotches and distorts the whole face of society to-day. Much of our trouble in religious thought comes from fixing our gaze too exclusively upon self and selfish advantages. If we are not willing to be lost, (theologically speaking) provided the good of the whole demands it, we have not within ourselves even the possibility of being saved. It is not the value of our righteousness that should trouble us so much as the value of God's righteousness. Schemes of salvation too often destroy God's moral character in order to save those who have devised them. Mrs. Barry, I have said, held every one to his best, herself included. I speak without irreverence when I say that she held God to his best. She could not well bear to have that attributed to him which she would have despised in herself. She was noble and high-minded in herself, and she demanded nobleness in the object of her worship and in all those who shared her friendship. I think both God and man responded to this demand. Both God and man usually offer us that which we call for, if the call be prompted by our real natures. The nobility of all souls, as Lowell suggests, is reciprocal:

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

This, then, is one of the essential lessons of Florence Barry's life: to hold ourselves, our friends, and even God himself to the best that each suggests, to estimate each, not by hearsay—no man can hear for us, or see for us—but by the best and the highest in each. This dignifies our lives, and dignifies our religion, saving it from those corruptions of thought which finally corrupt our lives. If to some this seems a broadening of religious thought, until their religious formulas drop out from its widening circumference, let them remember that man is not to-day in the same place that he was when those formulas were written, and that human thought necessarily broadens with every step in human progress. Let them learn that as the divine purpose of growth in the human towards the divine holds, the undivine limitations must loose their hold. Let them, even if they can not rise in thought to the conception of a pure religion of nature wide as nature's laws, still rise in faith in progressive purposes and faith in God, to where Tennyson stood as he said:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Let them trust God, and trust the best human sense of God, even though systems and dogmas fall. Let them trust justice, and righteousness, and purity, and truth,—trusting these as the eternal principles of Universal Life, calling through these upon men to do its will.

There is one point more in connection with the religious convictions of Mrs. Barry of which I should speak. It regards her belief in immortality. She accepted the facts of Spiritualism on this point, so far as the evidence justified their acceptance, although repudiating many of the ideas which are associated with that name. She regarded as satisfactory the evidence furnished to convince us of the existence of the spirit after the body had been laid away, and of the power of

spirit friends to impress this fact of existence upon those left behind. Concerning communications from spirits as a source of reliable knowledge on the problems of life, she had little faith. In this that was accepted and this that was rejected, we see the same good, practical judgment which ever characterized her.

The phenomena of Spiritualism, my friends, are all such as come within the nature and scope of laws of evidence. Concerning them, we should accept the evidence as we accept it in court, subjecting it to tests demanded by the laws of evidence. There is sufficient evidence, I think, already furnished us to warrant the conviction that our friends live and impress us beyond the grave. Judged by universally-accepted standards of evidence, this fact, I believe, will stand the test. Beyond this point, the evidence, to my mind, is too uncertain to be trusted; and for any clear philosophy of life we must trust to honest work performed by our own thinking powers.

Outside of these convictions furnished by Spiritualism our friend had also the mystic's direct perception of the eternity of Life itself, not as it was separated from, but united with human lives. This view came from her habit of setting self aside and viewing principles. Perceiving the eternal character of principles that regulate worlds of form, and perceiving that these were not mere names, but names for the One Life that was obliged to use human beings for its expression, she perceived in the union of the human will with the divine and creative nature of principles, the immortality of the latter in the former, and believed that while the One Life lived she would live also.

This is similar to what in the mystic's minds in the Orthodox churches is called the "assurance of salvation." I have seen it often in earlier days in those churches, and have been interested in studying it, but have never seen a clearer case than this, which bore an entirely different name. Here is one of the many illustrations of how, from different starting points, we reach common facts in the nature of the soul, which proclaim the universal laws of one religion of nature. But leaving those mystic and semi-material evidences, we, for ourselves, may say that such a hedged-in life as that our friend lived, with its seemingly boundless possibilities, demands immortality for its completion. It demands this according to the laws of order and of purposeful growth seen everywhere about us. If such lives of struggle, so full of promise, fail of immortality, we look to that which has less purpose than ourselves when we worship God. None of us would make it possible for such a life of promise to exist, and give it no greater means of realizing that promise. Nature does not work by that method. And if we would not do it, then we are forced, either to acknowledge that we are more perfect than God and hence have no God, or preserving the up-reaching character of natural faith, view God who is its object as the principle of righteousness and love that never can fail our moral demands. With these questions of religion the candid, honest mind will not play fast and loose. Either God is a righteous God in our own sense of righteousness or the word is unmeaning, and faith has become an unmeaning sound. True faith never looks to that which is worse than ourselves.

I am happy to say that the faith of Florence Barry in God and in immortality is the rich legacy of her life and death to those she left behind. To her aged mother the declining years of her life are made happy by it. To her and to us all this life and death bequeaths hope and peace and joy. This life in its earthly beginning,



came freighted with unconscious memories from out the experiences of Nature's many lives in past ages. It goes on, we believe, retaining consciously the results of its experiences here. In this life it rose to where it could consciously look back into the great Heart of All and realize its own eternal life in it.

Out of the same unconscious life we all come; into the same life, become self-conscious, we find our home.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting; The soul that rises with us, our life's Star, Hath had elsewhere its setting, And cometh from afar: Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter darkness, But trailing clouds of glory do we come, From God, who is our home."

This life that we have contemplated,—a life coming from God, dwelling in God while here and returning to its home in God, possessed those elements of character which our text speaks of as true and pure and lovely and of good report, that it is our privilege to admire and praise. If, as the Apostle Paul says, there be any such thing as virtue or praise, think on these things. Thinking on these things that shone in undimmed lustre amidst the discouragements surrounding the life of our dear friend may our own hearts grow strong to meet life bravely and to meet death as serenely and trustfully.

### Notes from the Field.

**The W. U. S. Society.**—The principal interest in the last meeting of the directors of the W. U. S. Soc'y, centered around the "Six Years' Course of Study" published by this society. The number of schools taking up the first year's lessons this winter, east and west, has considerably increased since our first mention of them earlier in the season. Several use Mr. Maxson's lesson papers as printed on our last sheet for the teachers only, and take enough copies of UNITY to supply them, but most of the schools prefer to distribute the leaves among the pupils, and to these are mailed weekly the number required by each. This takes an edition of about 1,200.

In the interests of fellowship, which is one great argument for this method, we print the list brought up to date, of the twenty-five places where they are used: Baraboo, Chattanooga, Chicago (All Souls, and Holland Liberal,) Davenport, Decorah, Des Moines, Greeley, Geneseo, Hillside, Hinsdale, Janesville, Luverne, Menomonie, Middleboro, Mass., Minneapolis, Reading, Pa., Rochester, St. Louis, St. Paul, Sheffield, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Troy, N. Y., Worcester, Mass.

Number twenty-nine of UNITY Short Tract, recently issued, "What to Tell the Children about the Bible Legends," by S. J. Barrows, will be found especially useful in connection with these lessons.

The school at Sioux City issued a November leaflet, giving the outline of their four years' study in the primary department, and of the Six Years' Course, with the topics of its first line of work. This announcement so well states, on its first page, the object of this study, that we take the liberty of quoting from it this paragraph: "We wish to make the Bible really helpful to the children, by giving them those rational views of its nature which are the product of the ripest scholarship, the most progressive, yet the most reverent study and thought. We would also touch and strengthen the child's moral and religious nature by teaching those great truths of evolution which reveal the divine purpose and promote reverence, faith and trust."

In connection with the same study, the Rochester school printed a little sheet on which were "Five Things to Make Sure of." They were: 1. Myth and Legend lie at the beginning of all old Religions,—so of ours. 2. The Myth and Legend rose and grew as naturally as children's fancies; they were the *child-man's* fancies, that have been handed down as facts. 3. They usually contain a germ of truth; look for that always. 4. The later story—Science and History—is always truer, better, grander than the Myth and Legend. 5. "Religion does not depend one bit on Myth and Legend."

R. T. L.

**The W. W. U. C.**—The following is a list of members of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, from May 3 to December 5, 1890. From Chicago: Mrs. Janie E. Boyesen, Mrs. R. H. Doud, Mrs. A. F. Nagle, Mrs. M. H. Perkins; Mrs. Carl Drier, Mrs. S. A. Maxwell, Mrs. B. C. Reed, Mrs. C. P. Woolley, Mrs. J. R. Effinger, Mrs. Geo. Bartlett, Mrs. Loveday, Mrs. H. H. Badger, Mrs. Mary Wicklin, Mrs. F. B. Tobin, Mrs. G. F. Shears, Mrs. H. W. Coolidge, Mrs. E. Coolidge,

Mrs. Dean Bangs, Mrs. L. M. Heywood, Mrs. E. A. West, Mrs. W. B. Ayres, Mrs. W. C. Dow, Mrs. C. G. Foster, Mrs. Geo. Broomell, Mrs. H. H. Martindale, Mrs. A. H. Lord, Mrs. W. B. Candee, Mrs. F. W. Young, Mrs. F. Beckwith, Mrs. L. B. Brown, Mrs. J. L. Conger, Mrs. E. A. Delano, Mrs. C. M. Underwood, Mrs. F. W. Gale, Mrs. D. P. Hueston, Mrs. E. J. Loomis, Mrs. S. A. Whetstone, Mrs. H. W. Weiss, Mrs. W. H. Coolidge, Mrs. G. O. Shields, Mrs. Mary E. Jameson, Miss Ellen A. Martin, Miss L. M. Dunning, Miss Emma Dupee, Miss E. M. Rowe, Miss Jennie Wilcox, Miss Althea Ogden, Miss Phoebe Himrod, Mrs. Alex. Lowry, Narbeth, Pa.; Miss C. J. Davis, Council Bluffs, Ia. From St. Paul, Minn.: Miss Lily A. Long, Mrs. Edward Sawyer, Mrs. Martha Clark, Mrs. M. A. Chaney, Mrs. J. H. Carr, Warren, Ill.; Mrs. Minnie S. Savage, Cooksville, Wis.; Mrs. S. S. McCain, Crawfordville, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Power and Mrs. Woolley of Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. J. Rose Colby, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. Leslie Sprague and Mrs. H. Ludlow, of Monroe, Wis.; Mrs. Harriet Udell, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. L. L. Johnson, Miss Rosa E. Roeder, of Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Mary Bailey, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Miss E. M. Gould, Davenport, Iowa; Miss Irene Ovington, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. C. C. Warren, Mrs. Capron and Mrs. Austin W. Granville, Hinsdale, Ill.; Mrs. J. R. Webster, Monmouth, Ill.; Mrs. T. C. Ittner, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. N. E. Latimer and Mrs. J. B. Page, Princeton, Ill.; Unknown friend, Lake View, Chicago; Mrs. G. A. Bishop, Butler, Ia.; Miss K. L. Norris, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Herbert Brough, South Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. Mary G. Wallace, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. C. E. Snitzer, Galesburg, Ill.; Mrs. L. Clarke Shea, Decatur, Ill.; Mrs. Ida G. Temple, Hinsdale, Ill.; Mrs. A. O. Butler, Oak Park, Ill.; Mrs. Adeline E. Hinckley, East Weymouth, Mass.; Mrs. Jennie Peterson, Winnipeg, Manitoba; Mrs. Emile Heymann, San Gregoria, San Mateo Co., Cal.; Mrs. L. H. Capron, South Hill, Pa.

#### New York League of Unitarian Women.

"Ethics of Giving," was the topic for discussion at the second monthly meeting of the League, which occurred in Brooklyn, at the Second Unitarian Church, on Friday, Dec. 5. Mrs. Charles T. Catlin gave the paper, and in substance said: "The progress of nations is shown in the triumph of the moral over the physical; in the ever-increasing recognition of the Law of Love. Recently the Ethics of Giving had become the Science of Philanthropy, in which heart and brain combined. Octavia Hill's work in London, showed that the best work came from a loving heart steadied by a clear brain. To give aims to satisfy one's conscience, or save one's soul, was simply impulsive selfishness and was opposed to true religion. The true giving lay in personal outlay,—the gift of ourselves. This latter privilege was within the power of the rich and poor, the talented and ignorant. Such a thing as independence was unknown in the world. The law of the universe was interdependence." Other speakers added to the richness of the discussion, notably one lady who suggested that when one gave a gift, it should be given absolutely, and not followed by the donor with anxious thought as to what would be done with it, etc. An interesting letter was read descriptive of the Meadville Theological College, and the need of additional funds to extend the work of the latter. The meeting adjourned after the usual social hour and box lunch.

**Boston.**—At the Monday club there was in the discussion a general approval of Rev. M. J. Savage's "Catechism," though strong exceptions were taken to some of his clear, frank statements about "Seeing God" "Salvation," and about the dates of Christmas Day and of the New Testament writing. The "Catechism" is largely used as a Sunday-school manual and is widely read in families. During the first and second months after its publication orders to supply it could not be promptly filled.

—The noon half-hour religious services at King's chapel have begun and will continue till the end of April.

—The Sunday-school society have permitted the "Unity Bureau" to substitute in place of their winter Saturday afternoon lectures or classes in Channing Hall a series of denominational lectures. Some of the topics will be: "The Puritans of England," "The Pilgrims in Holland and in America," "Dis-senters," "The Mather Family," "Jonathan Edwards," "The Reaction," "Evangelical Denominations," "Liberal Denominations." All the lecturers have a reputation for scholarship. Rev. Geo. W. Cooke has arranged the order of lectures in the interest of the "Bureau."

—The Sunday School Teachers' Union will at its next meeting discuss the value of Mr. Savage's "Catechism."

**Consultation of Officers.**—Rev. L. J. Duncan, secretary, and Rev. Chester Covell, treasurer of the Illinois Unitarian Conference, were at Headquarters on the 9th inst in consultation with State directors as to plans of missionary work for the ensuing year. The Unitarian churches of the State should rally around their new secretary and give him such support as the cause he represents, as well as his own earnestness and ability demand.

**Monroe, Wis.**—The Monroe *Sentinel* of Nov. 26, devotes nearly two columns to a report of a Thanksgiving sermon delivered in the Universalist church, by the pastor, Rev. L. W. Sprague. In the course of the sermon Mr. Sprague says: "Though I believe in an immortal life, I love the life we are now living. The happiness of childhood, the songs of woodland birds, the sweet smiles of lovers, the mother's tenderness, the love-lights of the universe, and the joy-lights of the world, all fill me till I can but exclaim: 'Behold, how beautiful it is to be alive!' We live for life's sweet sake." Not drudgers, not sorrowers, not sufferers, though each must do and bear, but heirs to goodness, beauty and truth. Not mere sojourners in a weary land, but glad lives in a joyous world; not mere machines, nor idols for a frivolous God to amuse himself with; but living entities, conscious souls. All things tend to our making. Happiness is an aim of life, but character the end."

#### The Theodore Parker Memorial Contribution to the Endowment Fund of the W. U. C.

Total amount already acknowledged in UNITY . . . . . \$ 8,107.20  
Unitarian Society at Quincy, Ill. . . . . 100.00  
Total . . . . . \$ 8,207.20  
Previously acknowledged on Endowment Fund . . . . . 16,103.00  
Total . . . . . \$ 24,310.20

Six hundred and eighty-nine dollars and eighty cents are yet needed to complete the \$25,000 which will make all subscriptions valid. The last hundred of this amount is already pledged. We hope to acknowledge the receipt of the remaining \$589.80 before the end of this month.

**Salt Lake City, Utah.**—The Salt Lake City papers report at some length a meeting recently held in the Salt Lake theater to hear Rev. S. A. Eliot of Denver, who by invitation was there to inaugurate a liberal movement which might lead to the establishment of a Unitarian church in that city. Cards had been distributed soliciting the names of all who desire to become members of the church and society proposed. The card read as follows:

If you are interested in the formation of a People's Church, on a broad, unsectarian basis, please sign this card and drop it in the collection basket. Name . . . . . Address . . . . .

The audience was large and intelligent and some twenty or thirty people met the minister at the close of the service to talk over the prospects. Rev. T. B. Forbush of Chicago was announced to succeed Mr. Eliot for one or two Sundays.

**Forest City, Iowa.**—Rev. Helen G. Putnam writes from the above place, December 2, "I am here for two Sundays, occupying the pulpit of the Congregational church; spoke twice last Sunday, November 30, and am to do the same December 7. Next week I go to Bowdle, South Dakota, to remain until after Christmas. The friends there have started a study class in hopes that some day, it may grow into something more."

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#### Young Children,

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## The Home.

### Helps to High Living.

*Sun.*—Sympathy is one of the greatest secrets of life.

*Mon.*—Be a lamp in the chamber, if you cannot be a star in the sky.

*Tues.*—He who would make a golden gate must bring a nail daily.

*Wed.*—Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed.

*Thurs.*—The worst evils are those which never arrive.

*Fri.*—Guard well your thoughts, for thoughts are heard in heaven.

*Sat.*—Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.

—Anon.

### Somebody.

Somebody comes to my window;  
An artist I'm sure he must be,  
For he traces such beautiful pictures,  
It is quite a wonder to me.

If I play in the garden a minute  
Somebody treads on my toes,  
And somebody's even so saucy  
As to pinch just the end of my nose.

Can't you guess who this somebody is  
Who frolics about in such glee,  
Pulling your ears and biting your cheek?  
It's little Jack Frost, don't you see?

—Philadelphia Call.

### A Patchwork Castle.

"O, Aunt, can you tell us how to build our castle? We have been reading about the court of King Arthur, and we want to make a castle." It was with this simple question that Jimmie addressed his aunt one morning.

"Yes, we have a wooden box," Charlie explained, "that we are going to saw on top to look like battlements. And we have a tall tin ginger-snap box that we think will do for the big tower if we can fasten it on to a corner of the wooden box. And we thought we might cut a broom-stick to go up above that, to be the little high watch-tower."

"But we don't know about the court-yard. What proportion ought the court-yard to be to the whole castle? And where does it come?"

What aunt would not set her wits to work when so confidently asked to assist in castle-building? It so happened that this particular aunt had fortunately some qualification for meeting the demand thus made upon her, as she had seen those two wonderful castles of France,—Pierrefont, which in its restored grandeur is an imposing lesson in mediæval history, and Coucy which, in its ivy-grown ruin, seems like a poem of the Feudal times. So the aunt brought out her photographic journal of travels and found several views of the two castles.

The little architects gazed and questioned and made practical applications to the needs of their own case, until the mysteries of a court-yard seemed quite explained and the young imaginations already saw miniature knights in tin-foil armor, riding over their draw-bridge and under their wooden battlements. Aunt found it stimulating to her imagination too and entered into all the deliberations with enthusiasm. But before the council came to an end she said:—"Boys, I think I must bring in some of my peace principles, or I should not feel right in helping you about all this play of war."

"Oh, this was so long ago," said practical Charlie.

"And you know we do not mean real fighting," added conscientious Jimmie.

"It is just because it was so long ago that I want to tell you what I think about it, and show you how those warlike castles which seem an evil thing now, once had a helpful place in the progress of the world. I suppose you can hardly believe that there was a time when even slavery came as a good thing. It was in those days way, way back, when

every body used to fight with every body; and conquering meant killing. Then slavery was a step towards saving life, if conquered foes were kept as slaves.

A forward step came when people joined in bands under a leader, and every body was not an enemy to every body else, and only the great ones fought against each other. Then these leaders made strong places to live in that became fortresses or castles. The men who fought under a leader lived with him in his castle, and the poor people lived near the castle for him to protect them from the other leaders or lords. So you see that the castles were places for security and were a means of guarding people that they might have some peace.

"But I must go on and tell you that the castles were also an evil because the lords oppressed the poor people around them, and were always having quarrels with each other. Thus it became necessary to have one lord stronger than the others to keep them in order. There had long been a head of a nation—the king; but he had had very little power. Now the time had come for the king to rule the lords. In order to gain power over them he got the people to become his army. Also they carried on commerce and raised money which he used to pay his expenses. In this way was started what is called the middle classes, which now make the great prosperity of the world. Therefore the power of a king came first as a good thing, because it brought a people together into one party and limited fighting to nations.

"Still, in its turn the power of the king grew into an evil because opposed to liberty. Then in some countries the middle classes took the power away from the king and founded what we call republics, while in others they have modified the royal power; so that now in all civilized countries the people have a great deal to do with their own government. Also the middle classes do not like to have wars, so big and terrible when a whole great nation is concerned. Already some questions between nations have been decided by conferences, instead of growing into quarrels; and the time seems soon coming when all the great nations will settle their differences in that way instead of by fighting. Then we shall have peace; and gradually the world will become one great confederation, or brotherhood of mankind.

"Now you see how it is that castles were one step in the chain of events that have been going on for ages and are developing humanity from a state of savage warfare between men and tribes into a condition when all the world will be bound together by common interests and common prosperity. So I hope that even if you do play at building castles, you will say and do all that you can to help on that beautiful time with its spirit of peace."

Thus the aunt ended her little exhortation. H. S. T.

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## The Sunday-School.

(See No. XX., W. U. S. S. Soc'y Publications.)

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#### XV. WHAT AM I? MAN'S FIRST ANSWERS.

(A) The primeval ghost world. Dreams, shadows, etc. Early thought of spirit as breath. The savage's interpretation of shadows, echoes, dreams, hiccoughs: the old practice of breathing a prayer after such a spasm, was to drive away the evil spirit that threatens to steal the breath,—the modern "*Gesundheit*" of the Germans.

"I had a dream last night, and it seemed as natural as life." Did you ever hear any one say that? Probably you have said it yourself. Sometimes we are a good deal puzzled to decide whether something actually happened or we only dreamed it. Our dreams often seem so real! But if we "only dreamed it" we know now that it did not really happen. It was all in our minds, the work of the imagination. We know this now, for as soon as we begin to talk about our dreams in our childhood, our fathers and mothers tell us that they are fanciful, not real. It was not so with men in ancient times. The nature of the dream was not understood. And as it often seemed just as real as his waking life, he supposed that it was just as real. He was told, however, by others that his body had not moved during his sleep; and so he concluded that he or his spirit or double or second self as it was sometimes called, left his body at times and wandered about doing and hearing and seeing the things that he dreamed. This is one of the experiences that have led men to think that the soul is something else than the body and can live apart from it. This experience was confirmed by others. A man would sometimes go into a trance and have strange visions, and think that he took long journeys, although assured when he came out of it that his eyes had kept closed and his body remained where it was. We have preserved this old notion of one's spirit leaving the body for a while and then returning to it in our modern speech. We say that after a swoon we "come back" to ourselves. The phenomena of somnambulism also helped on this belief in a "second self." Sometimes this second self was identified with the shadow. This seems strange to us. We know that the shadow is simply the absence of light. But the savage knew nothing about the nature of light and so he could not know anything about the nature of the shadow. He saw that it resembled him, that it sometimes accompanied him and then for a time disappeared. And he concluded that it was his double, that it belonged to him but might be separated from him. It might even be permanently lost; and this was often counted a great misfortune. (See "Schlemihl," Webster's Dictionary, "Names of Fictitious Persons," also Lowell's essay on "Witchcraft," near the middle.) We have preserved this association between the soul and the shadow in our use of the word

"shade" as applied to a disembodied spirit. The fear of losing one's shadow as though it were a valuable part of one's self is in line with the aversion of the savage to being photographed. He fancies that some of his own personality and power is peeled off, as it were, by this process. Out of this belief that the soul was a second self that could be separated from the body there grew also the belief that it could enter and control some other body, especially after death, when it became a wandering ghost. Sometimes it took possession of some of the lower animals. Read Longfellow's "*Hiawatha*," section xvii. particularly the lines beginning:

"Then the noble Hiawatha  
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow," etc.

This belief in "possession" by some spirit gave rise to the superstitions of witchcraft. Any involuntary movement, like the hiccough, was also thought due to a spirit. The savage knew the cause of some of his own bodily movements. As he could neither cause nor control this one he concluded that it was due to another intelligence somewhat like himself. Perhaps that spirit was seeking to harm him. Hence his prayer for protection, like the German "*Gesundheit*," ("may you have good health or good luck!") and the Frenchman's "God bless you!" after a sneeze. The echo, too, was thought to be some spirit speaking from the mountain. Thus the primeval ghost-world came into existence.

As breathing is one of the most conspicuous movements associated with living, it was natural that the early thought of spirit should be associated with the breath. See Genesis ii. 7. What does the word "spirit" mean? And does "ghost" mean "gust"?

What we call spirit is still very mysterious but we are certainly nearer the truth in (B) The modern thought of spirit as mind. "Man is one who thinks." Mind the end of evolution. Does your head think or do you think with your head?

The word "man" is derived from an old Sanscrit root. What is it and what does it mean? Is "the mind the measure of the man"? Shall we call mind the end of evolution? Powell, in his "Our Heredity from God" has a lecture on "Ethics the End of Evolution." Shall we rather say that character is the measure of the man?

**For the Younger Pupils.**—Talk about dreams, shadows, echoes, hiccoughs, etc. Tell about Schlemihl. There is one of the Grimm Fairy tales that contains the same feature. Tell the story from *Hiawatha*. Bring out the thought that we are more than breath, more even than intellect; that it is the character, the soul that is the most real and abiding thing in the world.

**For Older Classes and Teachers' Meetings.**—Spencer's theory that religion began with ghost or ancestor worship. Compare the Solar Myth theory of Müller and others. The doctrines of Spiritualism, Theosophy, etc. The problem of "double consciousness."

**For Preparation, see Spencer's "Principles of Sociology," Part I., especially chapters x. to xviii. and xx., also Fiske's "Destiny of Man," chapter xvi.**

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